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RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

EVANGELINE

BY

H. W. LONGFELLOW

NEW EDITION

EDITED BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

AND MARGARET ASHMUN

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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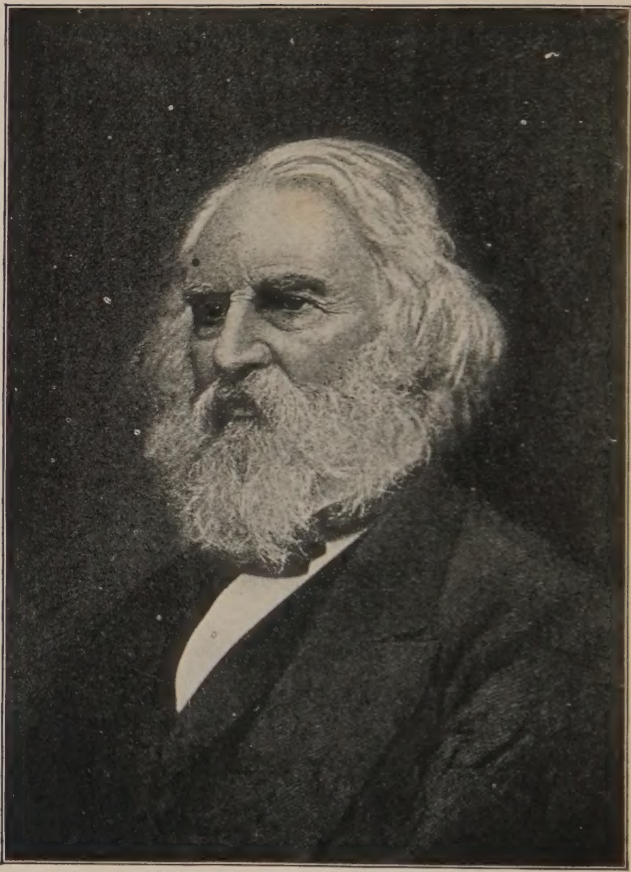

Henry W. Longfellow

The Riverside Literature Series

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NEW EDITION

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN
AND INTRODUCTIONS AND STUDY HELPS
BY MARGARET ASHMUN

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BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
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U . S . A

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A SKETCH OF LONGFELLOW'S LIFE

BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Of the thousands of people who pass through Portland, Maine, in the summer season, there are few who do not visit a certain brick house on Congress Street. It is in the very heart of the city, a hotel on one side, a store on the other, electric cars by the score passing it every hour. The old house is somewhat withdrawn from the bustle of the street and stands with a quiet dignity, as if it realized that it had been the early home of Longfellow. The poet was born February 27, 1807, in a large square wooden house, which is still standing, on the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets; but the family moved to the brick house when he was a baby, and this was his boyhood home. Many of its furnishings remain exactly as they were a hundred years ago. The same heavy cooking utensils are ranged about the fireplace in the kitchen, and around one of the mantels is quaint old chintz printed with camp scenes of the War of 1812. On the third floor is a room with a four-posted, chintz-canopied bedstead, and here the poet slept both in his boyhood and also on his visits home in later years. Business blocks now cut off the view, but when Longfellow was a boy, he could see from his window the lighthouse of which he has written, —

> "Like the great giant Christopher it stands
> Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
> Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
> The night o'ertaken mariner to save."

Portland was a pleasant city for a boy to grow up in. There were long lines of shaded streets; there was charming Deering's Woods; and, best of all, there was the ocean "with its sea-tides tossing free." There were islands near

and islands far, wonderfully beautiful and fascinating; and there were the black wharfs at which the white-sailed ships from the other side of the world made their moorings. It was an enchanted city for an imaginative boy; and in his poem, *My Lost Youth*, Longfellow has told how delightful it all seemed to him.

The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a prominent lawyer, who held in the course of his life numerous prominent positions. Several times he was a member of the State Legislature, and from 1823 to 1825 he was a member of the National House of Representatives. His wife, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla of Mayflower fame. Her father had fought in the Revolution, and her brother Henry, only three years before the birth of his namesake, had been killed in an attack upon the pirates of Tripoli. The spacious sitting-room in the old brick house must have listened to many thrilling war stories, as the eight Longfellow children gathered around the big center table on winter evenings.

Little boys and girls usually went first to a "dame school," that is, one presided over by some old lady; and the small Henry was sent to one ruled by a certain "Marm Fellows." Later, he went to the public school. It is a long way back to 1813, but in that year, when the little boy was only six years old, he brought proudly home a report — still in existence — which declared that his conduct had been "very correct and amiable," and that he had made much improvement in spelling and writing. He was fond of poetry even in those days, and used to go about the house reciting any verses that had struck his fancy. He liked the flute, and soon learned to play it with spirit and charm.

The boy fitted for college at the Portland Academy. One of his teachers was Jacob Abbott, who wrote the *Rollo Books* and scores of other volumes for boys and girls. Henry Longfellow, too, was determined to become an author, a poet, and when he was only thirteen he wrote, among other verses, *The Battle of Lovell's Pond*. This pictured the attack of Captain John Lovell upon the Indian

THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, PORTLAND

villages on the Saco River. Lovell and thirty of his forty-six men were slain. This was in 1724, and was the last serious fight with the Indians in that part of the country. The young writer believed that this was " good enough to print." He screwed up his courage and dropped the manuscript into the box of one of the Portland weeklies. Evidently the editor did not agree with him, for the poem was not published. Thereupon the boy, with perhaps a bit of indignation, sent it to the rival weekly. It came out promptly, and he felt, as he said many years later, " such a thrill of delight " as none of his other publications had ever given him.

Stephen Longfellow was a graduate of Harvard, but he was also a trustee of Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, and, perhaps partly for this reason, he chose the smaller institution for his son. The boy was now fifteen, and entered as a sophomore. " He was slight and erect, his complexion light, his nose rather prominent, his eyes clear and blue, and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of brown hair waving loosely." He was always a gentleman, and one who knew him at the time speaks emphatically of his " well-bred manners." He was a favorite among the students, and he did the college work so well that he stood fourth in a class of thirty-eight. But he learned much more than the prescribed lessons, for he read widely. At graduation he begged his father for a year at Harvard. " The truth is," he pleaded, " I desire future eminence in literature. My whole soul burns most ardently for this, and every earthly thought centers in it." This confession was not altogether agreeable to the father. He had sympathy with his son's love of study, but prices paid for literature in 1825 were small, and to write seemed to him a very precarious fashion of attempting to make one's living. He replied that " eminence in literature " was well enough for men of means, but that a young man who had his way to make in the world would better set his ambition on something more likely to furnish him with bread and butter.

So spoke one of the trustees of Bowdoin, and the young

man yielded to his father's wish and began to study law. Another trustee, however, one Benjamin Orr, had quite a different scheme in mind. He was in the habit of visiting the oral examinations at the college, and was much dreaded by the students because of his keen criticisms and his high ideals of scholarship. On one of these visits Longfellow was called upon to read his translation of one of the odes of Horace. It was so well done that it made a deep impression upon the critical visitor; and when it was decided to establish a professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin, Mr. Orr said promptly: "Mr. Longfellow is your man. He is an admirable classical scholar. I have seldom heard anything more beautiful than his translation of one of the most difficult odes of Horace." The position was offered to Mr. Longfellow.

This prospective professor was only nineteen years old, but the college agreed to wait for him until he had reached the mature age of twenty-two, provided he would spend the three years in Europe. His father agreed to provide him with the necessary money, and he started joyfully. For three years he traveled in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and England. He studied the languages of these countries and he worked hard; but he also saw their beautiful sights and learned the thoughts and ways of their people, and he was radiantly happy.

Going to Europe was not the everyday occurrence that it is now, and when the young man returned, in 1829, to take up his work at Bowdoin, he was looked upon not only with the respect due to his attainments, but also with a sort of reverence for the wonderful advantages that he had enjoyed. He worked hard, — one class came before his seven-o'clock breakfast, — but his students liked him and were proud of him, and he was happy. His salary was eight hundred dollars a year, with the addition of an extra hundred for acting as college librarian; but nine hundred dollars was a sum to be looked upon with respect in those days of small expenses and low prices, and two years later the young professor ventured to take a wife, Mary Storer Potter, the daughter of Judge Potter, of Portland.

Longfellow the poet was thus far hardly more than Longfellow the professor. He did not give up writing, but his writing was closely connected with his teaching. He translated a French grammar and did still other translating and editing, and published articles on the literature of France and Spain. One of these he revised and expanded, and added to it a translation of some Spanish poems, from which it took its title of *Coplas de Manrique*. *Coplas* are short stanzas of a peculiar form, and these of Jorge Manrique were a series of beautiful meditations on the death of his father, written in the fifteenth century. This was Longfellow's first original volume, and was published by Allen and Ticknor, the same firm that, under another name, still publishes his poems. *Outre-Mer* — meaning *beyond the sea* — came next. This is a collection of sketches of his travels in Europe. All this writing was well done. It is graceful and thoughtful. It shows itself to be the work of a cultivated, scholarly man, and it was favorably spoken of. It was agreeable reading, but there was nothing in it to show that some day the writer would come close to the hearts of the people, that he would produce poems which would win not only their respect, but their eager affection.

The ability of the young professor had become known at Harvard, and on the resignation of Professor George Ticknor, who had occupied the chair of modern languages, Longfellow was asked to succeed him. He decided to take another trip to Europe to do still further work in languages and literature. In Holland, the first grief of his life came upon him in the death of his wife. He remained abroad a year and a half; he did the work for which he had come, but his heart was heavy with sadness. Some years later, his sorrow found expression in the poem *Footsteps of Angels*. In this he speaks of seeing, as in a vision, the forms of departed friends. Of her he says, —

> " And with them the Being Beauteous,
> Who unto my youth was given,
> More than all things else to love me,
> And is now a saint in heaven.

" With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

" And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies."

The poem closes, —

" Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!"

When Longfellow returned to America, his seventeen years at Harvard began. He was thirty years old, but he looked some years younger; and when he appeared at the door of Craigie House and asked if he might engage a room there, the stately Madam Craigie demurred and said that she did not take students.

" But I am not a student," he replied. " I am a professor in the University."

" A professor? " She looked curiously at one so like most students in appearance.

" I am Professor Longfellow," he said.

" If you are the author of *Outre-Mer*, then you may come," said the old lady, and proceeded to show him her house. She led him up the broad staircase, and, proud of the historic mansion, opened one spacious room after another, only to close the door of each, saying, " You cannot have that," until at length she led him into the southeast corner room on the second story. " This was General Washington's chamber," she said; " you may have this." And here he gladly set up his home.

Craigie House is a roomy, dignified mansion on Brattle Street in Cambridge. Around it were then wide-spreading green fields, and there was a clear outlook across the meadows to the winding Charles River and the gentle hills

CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

beyond. In 1759, a rich Tory merchant, John Vassall, built the house for his bride, who was a sister of the last royal governor of the province. When the Revolution broke out, Vassall fled to London, and the Province of Massachusetts took possession of the house. At one time a battalion of soldiers were sheltered within its walls; but when Washington arrived in Cambridge, this house, the most commodious in the place, served as his headquarters; and here he remained during the anxious days of the siege of Boston. In Longfellow's poem, *To a Child*, he says, —

> " Once, ah, once, within these walls,
> One whom memory oft recalls,
> The Father of his Country, dwelt.
> And yonder meadows, broad and damp,
> The fires of the besieging camp
> Encircled with a burning belt.
> Up and down these echoing stairs,
> Heavy with the weight of cares,
> Sounded his majestic tread;
> Yes, within this very room
> Sat he in those hours of gloom,
> Weary both in heart and head."

Later, the Vassall House was sold, and in 1792, it came into the hands of Andrew Craigie, who had been Apothecary-General to the Continental Army. It became now the Craigie House, and at the death of her husband, it was occupied alone by the august Madam Craigie, who would lodge professors but not students. At her death, Dr. Worcester of dictionary fame bought the house, and in 1843 he sold it to Longfellow.

As a professor, Longfellow was respected by the students for his knowledge and his increasing fame, but he was loved for his never-failing kindness and his gentle courtesy. On one occasion there was a rebellion among the college boys. They were assembled in the college yard, and one professor after another tried in vain to obtain a hearing from them. At last, Longfellow came forward, and then there was a hush, and the word went round, " Let 's hear Professor

Longfellow, for he always treats us as gentlemen." The famous editor and clergyman, Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man without a Country*, was one of Longfellow's pupils, and says of him: —

"From the first he chose to take with us the relation of a personal friend a few years older than we were.

"As it happened, the regular recitation rooms of the college were all in use, and indeed, I think he was hardly expected to teach any language at all. He was to oversee the department and to lecture. But he seemed to teach us German for the love of it; I know I thought he did, and till now it never occurred to me to ask whether it were a part of his regular duty. Anyway, we did not meet him in one of the rather dingy 'recitation rooms,' but in a sort of parlor, carpeted, hung with pictures, and otherwise handsomely furnished, which was, I believe, called the 'Corporation Room.' We sat round a mahogany table, which was reported to be meant for the dinners of the trustees, and the whole affair had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion. These accidental surroundings of the place characterize well enough the whole proceeding.

"He began with familiar ballads, read them to us, and made us read them to him. Of course, we soon committed them to memory without meaning to, and I think this was probably part of his theory. At the same time we were learning the paradigms by rote. But we never studied the grammar except to learn them, nor do I know to this hour what are the contents of half the pages in the regular German grammars.

"This was quite too good to last; for his regular duty was the oversight of five or more instructors, who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese to two or three hundred undergraduates. All these gentlemen were of European birth, and you know how undergraduates are apt to fare with such men. Mr. Longfellow had a real administration of the whole department. His title was 'Smith Professor of Modern Literature,' but we always called him 'the Head,' because he was head of the depart-

ment. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and virtually conduct it. We were delighted to have him come. Any slipshod work of some poor wretch from France, who was tormented by wild-cat Sophomores, would be made straight and decorous and all right. We all knew he was a poet, and were proud to have him in the college, but at the same time we respected him as a man of affairs.

" Besides this, he lectured on authors or more general subjects. I think attendance was voluntary, but I know we never missed a lecture."

During this period, Longfellow wrote to a friend, " Most of the time I am alone, smoke a good deal, wear a broad-brimmed black hat, black frockcoat, and a black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society." This hardly sounds like the record of the busy man that he was. His teaching and the oversight of his department required much time, and he was also deep in literary work. He published the romance *Hyperion* which was received with far more enthusiasm than *Outre-Mer*. He wrote poems for magazines, and at last, in 1839, he collected these poems into a thin little volume called *Voices of the Night*. Here was *The Reaper and the Flowers*, which has brought comfort to many a sorrowing mother; and here was the poem that is like a trumpet call to duty, the *Psalm of Life*, the poem that has inspired thousands to

" Be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate," —

the poem that to every one who reads it for the first time is always new and strong and wonderful.

There was no question of the welcome that awaited his next volume, which came out two years later. Here was *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, which was founded upon a real occurrence. Of this Longfellow wrote in his journal, —

" *December 17.* — News of shipwrecks, horrible, on the coast. Forty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester. One woman lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place. Among

others the schooner Hesperus. Also, the Seaflower, on Black Rock. I will write a ballad on this.

"*December 30.* — Wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems, after which sat till 1 o'clock by the fire, smoking; when suddenly it came into my head to write the Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus, which I accordingly did. Then went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the Ballad. It was 3 by the clock."

The Village Blacksmith is also in this volume, and so is *Excelsior*, whose title is the Latin word for *higher*. This word caught the poet's eye one evening as he was glancing over a newspaper, and on the nearest bit of paper, which chanced to be a letter from Charles Sumner, he wrote the poem. This scrap of paper is now in the library of Harvard University. Thus far his poems had manifested thought and fancy and grace and beauty of expression, but in this little volume was *The Skeleton in Armor*, and here was imagination of a higher type than he had shown before. A skeleton in broken and corroded armor had been dug up at Fall River, and in the fancy of the poet it became that of a "viking bold." He pictured the wild life of the northern seas, the theft of the willing maiden who became the viking's wife, and his building for her the famous Round Tower of Newport, Rhode Island. Whatever the mysterious tower was really built for, Longfellow says serenely that his use of it is "sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad."

In 1842, Longfellow made his third visit to Europe. A year later, he married Miss Frances Appleton of Boston. William Winter said that to remember her "is to wonder that so much loveliness and worth could take a mortal shape." Longfellow himself has pictured her, as *Mary Ashburton*, in *Hyperion*. Eighteen years of quiet enjoyment followed. The old mansion rang joyously with the voices of his children; friends gathered around him; the days passed happily; and poem after poem came from his hand. Most of them were on foreign subjects, and those who were inclined to cavil whispered that there were poetic

themes in America as well as across the ocean. One day Hawthorne brought to dine with the poet a friend, who in the course of conversation said that he had been urging Hawthorne to write a romance on the story of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755. The homes of these French peasants were burned, and they themselves were driven on shipboard to be scattered along the American coast. Among them were the young couple, married only that morning, whom Longfellow pictures as Gabriel and Evangeline. In the confusion and wretchedness they were separated and put on different vessels. Evangeline searches for Gabriel throughout the colonies, and at last finds him on his deathbed in a hospital. This was the story. It did not appeal to Hawthorne as suited for a tale; but to Longfellow it was the suggestion for his first important American poem, *Evangeline*. Longfellow never visited the scenes of this poem. "He never came to see us," said one of the dwellers in Grand Pré. "I wish he had. We should have been so glad to welcome him and to do all that we could for him." His descriptions were all written from those given by others; but they are so accurate that travelers do not need to have pointed out to them the meadows and dikes of Grand Pré, the Basin of Minas, and the mist-wreathed summit of Blomidon. Of the conclusion of the poem, Longfellow says: —

"I was passing down Spruce Street [Philadelphia] one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flowerbeds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline*, I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death, at the poorhouse, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

America was young, and *Evangeline* was "the first good poem of any length on an American subject." The poet

had come to his own; he was moved by a new inspiration. The warmest of praises poured in upon him from far and near, and in his next volume he made a graceful acknowledgment: —

> " Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
> Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
> That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
> Friends are around us, though no word be spoken."

The longest poem in the collection is *The Building of the Ship*, with its threefold significance: the making of a ship and giving it to the ocean; the marriage of the master's daughter to the youth of her choice; and, last, the noble apostrophe to the *Ship of State*. Mr. Noah Brooks one day recited to President Lincoln the closing stanzas, beginning with the launching of the vessel. When he came to

> " Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee, — are all with thee! " —

Lincoln's eyes were full of tears. For some minutes he could not speak; then he said with his own noble simplicity of expression, " It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that."

The long years of teaching and supervising had begun to seem wearisome to the poet, and at length he resigned his professorship and devoted himself to his writing and the enjoyment of his home. The inspiration of the earlier days of America did not leave him, and soon he published *The Song of Hiawatha*. Some of the critics had found fault with the meter of *Evangeline*, declaring that it belonged to Latin and had no proper place in English verse; and now some of them objected to the form and meter of *Hiawatha*. It is written in a Finnish meter, with a repetition of lines in nearly the same words. This was almost new in English verse. The critics criticized it and the parodists parodied it, but it held its place, and he would be laughed to scorn who should venture to object to it to-day. Hiawatha pictures the life and thoughts of the Indians, beautified, per-

haps, by the glow of the poetic imagination, but with a sympathetic and appreciative accuracy that have won for its author the love of the Indians themselves.

This same poetic imagination now shone upon the rather somber life of the Pilgrim Fathers, and Longfellow wrote *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the story of the love of his ancestors, John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, and her memorable " Why don't you speak for yourself, John? " when, faithful to the stern demands of friendship, he tried honestly to plead the cause of the doughty captain, Miles Standish.

In 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was one day amusing her children by sealing up bits of their curls in little packages. Her dress caught fire from the burning wax, and a few hours later she died. More than a score of years remained to the poet, and he had the love of his children and the comfort of his work, but his grief was so deep and lasting that he could not trust himself to speak the beloved name of his wife. After his death there was found in his portfolio his poem on *The Cross of Snow*, which closes: —

" There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

The years went on. New volumes of verse were published, among them the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and a translation of one of the greatest poems of the world, Dante's *Divine Comedy*. It pictures the soul of man journeying through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Much of it is gloomy and terrible; but it has the name " comedy " because of its happy ending.

The work of some writers appeals only to certain classes of people, the educated, the traveled, the merry, or the sad; but Longfellow's appeals to the human heart and made friends wherever it went. It was widely read in England as well as in America, and in translations was

well known on the Continent. The poet now made a fourth visit to Europe; and honors were heaped upon him. Dickens and Tennyson gave him their warmest friendship. The Queen invited him to Windsor Castle. Harvard had already made him a Doctor of Laws, and now Cambridge conferred the degree a second time. Oxford gave him the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. An English reporter describes him as he appeared at Cambridge in the scarlet robes of an academic dignitary: —

"The face was one which, I think, would have caught the spectator's glance even if his attention had not been called to it by the cheers which greeted Longfellow's appearance in the robes of an LL.D. Long white silken hair and a beard of patriarchal length and whiteness inclosed a young, fresh-colored countenance, with fine-cut features and deep sunken eyes, overshadowed by massive black eyebrows. Looking at him, you had the feeling that the white head of hair and beard were a mask put on to conceal a young man's face; and that if the poet chose he could throw off the disguise, and appear as a man in the prime and bloom of life."

During the years following his return from Europe, Longfellow published seven or eight more volumes of poetry. It is not always fair by any means to gauge an author's ability by his income, but it is at least interesting to note that for the *Psalm of Life* Longfellow never received even the five dollars that he was promised, but that for his *Hanging of the Crane*, which came out in 1873, he was paid four thousand dollars. On the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin College, he read his noble poem, *Morituri Salutamus*. These words, meaning, *we who are about to die salute you*, were spoken by Roman gladiators to the Emperor as they entered the arena; and though the poem showed no sign of waning powers, there was a sadness about it, for the end could not be expected to be many years away.

Longfellow named his next volume, which he realized would probably be his last, *Ultima Thule*. *Thule*, or Norway, was the most distant land known to the Romans, and

ultima means *the utmost;* therefore, the two words came to mean the extreme end, especially the end of life. In this volume is his poem of thanks and love to the children of Cambridge for their gift of an armchair. *The Village Blacksmith* had always been a general favorite, and pilgrims to Cambridge never failed to visit the spreading chestnut tree under which the smithy had once stood. In 1876, the city government decided to cut down the tree lest some forgetful driver of a high-piled load should be caught among its branches. It was suggested that some memento of this tree should be given to the poet by the children of the place, and the result was their presentation to him, on his seventy-second birthday, of a chair made of its wood. It is ebonized, and in the back and elsewhere are carvings of horsechestnut leaves and blossoms. Under the cushion is a brass plate on which is the following inscription: —

To
The Author
of
The Village Blacksmith
This chair, made from the wood of the
spreading chestnut tree,
is presented as
An expression of grateful regard and veneration
by
The Children of Cambridge,
who with their friends join in best wishes
and congratulations
on
This Anniversary,
February 27, 1879.

Around the seat, in raised German text, are the lines from the poem, —

" And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

A year later, in 1880, Cambridge celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding, and at the children's festival in Sanders Theatre, the chair stood in a prominent place on the platform. The Poem, *From My Armchair*, which begins —

> " Am I a king that I should call my own
> This splendid ebon throne ? " —

was read aloud; and then the poet, who never made public speeches, stepped forward and made a little speech expressly to the children, thanking them in prose, as he had already done in verse, for their gift.

Housekeeping at Craigie House now became somewhat difficult, for hundreds of small boys and girls presented themselves at the door, asking to see the chair, but hoping to see its owner. The poet gave orders that not one child, no matter how muddy his feet might be, should be turned away. Each one received a printed copy of the poem, and often a few kindly words from the poet. Longfellow's friend, Luigi Monti, the original of *The Sicilian*, in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, came one Christmas Day to dine with the poet, and when near the gate met a girl of some twelve years who asked him shyly where Mr. Longfellow lived.

He showed her the house, and she asked, " Do you think I can go into the yard? "

" Oh, yes," said Signor Monti. " Do you see the room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the windows on the right, you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow."

The child looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head out of sight. When he went in, the kind-hearted Italian said: —

" Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much."

THE STUDY, CRAIGIE HOUSE

"A little girl wants to see me very much? Where is she?" He hastened to the door, and, beckoning with his hand, called out, "Come here, little girl; come here, if you want to see me." She came forward, and he took her hand and asked her name. Then he kindly led her into the house, showed her the old clock on the stairs, the children's chair, and the various souvenirs which he had gathered. This was but one little instance of many.

Longfellow's courtesy never failed. He was patient with bores, and one day when Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the distinguished author, urged him not to allow himself to be annoyed by a certain troublesome man who was both bold and dishonest, Longfellow looked up with a reproving smile and queried with mock seriousness, "But, Charles, if I were not kind to him, who would be?" A cynical man of Cambridge, who had made up his mind that all the poor were good and all the rich bad, said, "I will make an exception of one rich man, and that is Mr. Longfellow. You have no idea how much the laboring men of Cambridge think of him. There is many and many a family that gets a load of coal from him, without anybody 's knowing where it comes from."

As Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday drew near, there was a desire throughout the country to show him some special honor. This was done by having his poems recited by children in hundreds, perhaps thousands, of schools.

Not many weeks later, the children, as they passed his gate, whispered to one another, "Don't make any noise; Mr. Longfellow is sick." On the 24th of March, 1882, the bells tolled for his death. Two days later, followed by the love of thousands, he was laid in beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery.

It was of this, his last birthday, that Whittier wrote: —

"With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

" With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

" It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

" And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him:

" The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

" All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

" Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

" With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

" And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel,
Who calls God's children home!

" And to him in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
' Of such is the kingdom of heaven ! ' "

THE HISTORY OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

The origin of the tale brings out one of those interesting incidents of the relations of authors toward each other which happily are not uncommon. In Hawthorne's *American Note-Books*, under date of October 24, 1838, occurs this paragraph: "H. L. C—— [the Reverend H. L. Conolly, of Boston, a friend whom Hawthorne brought to visit Longfellow] heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day, all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

It may have been the same H. L. C. who dined with Hawthorne at Mr. Longfellow's one day, and told the poet that he had been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story on this theme. Hawthorne said he could not see in it the material for a tale, but Longfellow at once caught at it as the suggestion for a poem. "Give it to me," he said, "and promise that you will not write about it until I have written the poem." Hawthorne readily consented, and when *Evangeline* appeared was as quick to give expression to his admiration as the poet had been in reviewing *Twice-Told Tales*. He wrote to Longfellow and sent him a copy of a Salem newspaper in which he had noticed *Evangeline*. Longfellow replied: —

"My dear Hawthorne,— I have been waiting and waiting in the hope of seeing you in Cambridge. . . . I have been

meditating upon your letter, and pondering with friendly admiration your review of *Evangeline*, in connection with the subject of which, that is to say, the Acadians, a literary project arises in my mind for you to execute. Perhaps I can pay you back in part your own generous gift, by giving you a theme for story in return for a theme for song. It is neither more nor less than the history of the Acadians *after* their expulsion as well as before. Felton has been making some researches in the state archives, and offers to resign the documents into your hands.

"Pray come and see me about it without delay. Come so as to pass a night with us, if possible, this week, if not a day and night. Ever sincerely yours,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

The poet never visited the scenes of his poem, though travelers have testified to the accuracy of the portraiture. "I have never been in Nova Scotia," he wrote to a friend. "As far as I remember, the authorities I mostly relied on in writing *Evangeline* were the Abbé Raynal and Mr. Haliburton: the first for the pastoral, simple life of the Acadians; the second for the history of their banishment." He gave to a Philadelphia journalist a reminiscence of his first thought of the material which forms the conclusion of the poem. "I was passing down Spruce Street [Philadelphia] one day toward my hotel, after a walk, when my attention was attracted to a large building with beautiful trees about it, inside of a high enclosure. I walked along until I came to the great gate, and then stepped inside, and looked carefully over the place. The charming picture of lawn, flowerbeds, and shade which it presented made an impression which has never left me, and when I came to write *Evangeline* I placed the final scene, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel and the death, at the poorhouse, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away, which I found by chance in another of my walks."

The Abbé Raynal was a French priest (1711–96) who published *A Philosophical History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies*, in which

he included an account of affairs in Canada and Nova Scotia. He probably exaggerated the simplicity and innocence of the Acadians. Thomas C. Haliburton wrote *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, published in 1829.

THE METER OF EVANGELINE

THE meter of *Evangeline* is what is called *hexameter* (from two Greek words meaning *six* and *measure*). In each line there are six divisions, or measures. In the first five measures there are usually three syllables, the first of which is accented or stressed. The last measure of the line usually has only two syllables, the first of which is stressed. Thus we may represent the meter of a line in this way: —

Some/ what a	part/ from the	vil lage and	near/er the Ba sin of Mi nas
1	2	3	4 5 6

An examination will show a great variation among the lines, as to the number of syllables and the placing of the accents. This variation, though slight, helps to prevent a sense of monotony in form. Each line has, near the middle, a pause called a *cesura*, which saves the line from sounding "breathless," or too long-drawn-out.

The measure that Longfellow uses in *Evangeline* is imitated from the old Greek poems the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Some of the poet's friends were alarmed when they heard that he was using this meter, for they said it was not suitable for the English language, which is less light and flexible than the Greek. But a reading of the poem convinced them that the meter was well chosen. It lends itself easily to the lingering melancholy which marks the greater part of *Evangeline*, and the poet's fine sense of harmony between subject and form is rarely better shown than in this poem. The fall of the verse at the end of the line and the sharp recovery at the beginning of the next will be snares to the reader, who must beware of a jerking style of delivery. The voice naturally seeks a rest in the middle of the line, and this rest, or cesural pause, should be carefully regarded: a little practice will enable one to acquire that habit of reading the hexameter, which we may liken, roughly, to the climbing of a hill, resting a moment on the summit, and

then descending the other side. The charm in reading *Evangeline* aloud, after a clear understanding of the sense, which is the essential in all good reading, is found in this gentle labor of the former half of the line, and gentle acceleration of the latter half.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

The country now known as Nova Scotia, and at one time called Acadie by the French, was in the hands of the French and English by turns until the year 1713, when, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was yielded by France to Great Britain. It has ever since remained in the possession of the English. In 1713 the inhabitants of the peninsula were mostly French farmers and fishermen, living about Minas Basin and on Annapolis River. Over these people the English Government exercised only slight control. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Halifax was founded, that the English themselves began to make settlements in the country. Between the English and French settlers a jealousy soon sprang up, which was increased by the beginning of the Seven Years' War, in which the two mother countries were to settle the question of supremacy in North America. The French engaged in a long dispute with the English regarding the boundaries of Acadie, which had not been clearly agreed upon by treaty. The sympathies of the Acadians were, of course, with the French, but they claimed the right to remain neutral in all disagreements between the Governments. One point that caused great trouble was the oath of allegiance to the Crown of England. The Acadians refused to take this oath, except in a form that would excuse them, in case of war, from fighting against the French, to whom they were bound by ties of blood and religion.

Most of the Acadians were probably simple-minded and peaceful people, who only wanted to live quietly on their own land and trouble nobody; but there were a few restless and spirited young men, and some priests, who made no secret of their hatred for the English, and their intention of defying the power that now ruled in the peninsula. As the feeling between the two nationalities grew more bit-

ter, the problem of how to deal with the Acadians became more difficult to the English colony. The officers of the colony finally resolved, without consulting the home Government, to remove the Acadians to other parts of North America, distributing them through the Eastern and Southern Colonies, so that there would be no danger of their getting together for purposes of revenge. To take this harsh and unusual action required secret preparation. There were at the service of the English governor a number of New England troops who had been brought to Nova Scotia to capture the forts at the head of the Bay of Fundy. These troops were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, of Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Governor Winslow, of Plymouth. He and his assistant, Captain Murray, were told to think of some apparently harmless scheme for bringing the Acadians together, so that none might take alarm and escape. On the 2d of September, 1755, Winslow issued an order to the inhabitants of the Minas region, requesting all the men over ten years of age to meet in the church at Grand Pré, on the 5th, to hear some news from the governor. Upon the day named, 418 men and boys came together at the church. Winslow placed a guard around the building, and then made his terrible announcement: The Acadians were all to be removed from the country. At the same time similar plans were carried out at two other points in the Acadian territory.

Ships had been ordered from Boston, but there was so much danger of rebellion among the prisoners that it was decided to take them aboard the vessels that had brought the troops. This was done on the 10th of September. When the other ships arrived, the Acadians — men, women, and children, to the number of seven thousand — were carried away to North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. In the haste and confusion of embarking, many families and friends were separated, some of whom were never again united. *Evangeline* is the story of such a separation.

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grande-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,

REVEREND WALKED HE AMONG THEM

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal.
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September

FAIR IN SOOTH WAS THE MAIDEN

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas.
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate —
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: —
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public, —
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstones,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

SPEAKING WORDS OF ENDEARMENT, WHERE WORDS OF COMFORT AVAILED NOT

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard, —
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's delicate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid Saint Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roots in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya,
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

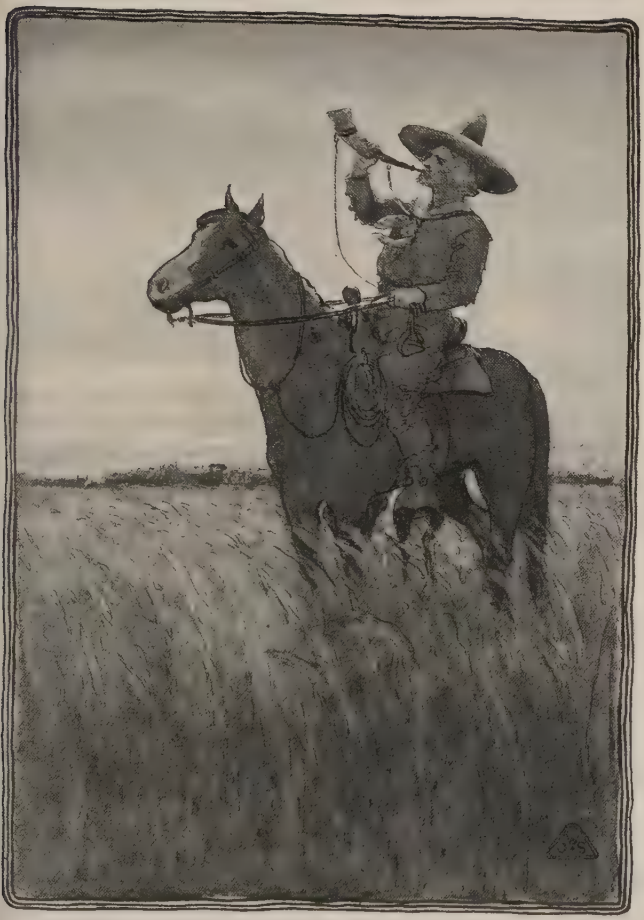
III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit



A BLAST, THAT RESOUNDED . . . THROUGH THE STILL DAMP AIR OF THE EVENING

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Arcadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: —
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water,
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer: —
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from the Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, — "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered: —
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, and towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent:
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: — "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

STUDY HELPS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

PART THE FIRST

Prelude, and Section I. The events related in the first part of the poem took place in 1755. Read the *Historical Introduction* as far as the sentence beginning, *The officers of the colony*. Consult the map of Nova Scotia on page 100 while you are reading. Now, read carefully [1] but without interruption the *Prelude* and Section I. Consult the *Notes* for information if necessary, but read chiefly for the story. When you have read all of the section, go back and study it with the help of the *Notes* and the following questions and suggestions: —

What is the use of the *Prelude?* Notice, in Section I, how you are given, first, the surroundings or the geography of the scene; then the village with its ordinary inhabitants; then the chief characters of the story. Does this seem like a good method? Why, or why not? Why does the author give so short a description of Benedict, and so long a description of Evangeline? Can you describe either of them more fully? By means of what details does the author give you a clear idea of Benedict's home? Why mention the chickens and the doves? How does the author lead to the subject of Gabriel? How long have Evangeline and Gabriel known each other? Why does the author give such a long account of their childhood?

Section II. Read the entire section without stopping. Then read it again, more carefully. Why does the author break the poem up into sections? Why does he give such a long description here? How does he bring out the idea of

[1] The reading ought to be begun in class.

peace in Acadia? What sort of life do the Acadians lead? What is the daily life of Evangeline? By what means does the author bring out the fact that these people are French? What sort of man is Basil the blacksmith? Do you get a clear idea of the appearance and character of Gabriel? Read carefully the conversation between Benedict and Basil. What do you learn from it as to the recent events in Acadia? How does the conversation show the characters of the two men? What is meant by "*the* house and *the* barn"? What do you discover of the marriage customs among the Acadians?

Section III. Read the entire section, consulting the *Notes* as necessary, but not stopping long on any one point. Now, go back to the beginning of the section. What is the notary's errand at Benedict's house? What details make his portrait clear? Find what is said of him in the *Notes*. Do you think that the stories he told the village children were suitable for little people? Does the story about the orphan girl and the statue show the triumph of justice or of injustice? How does this story apply to the ships in the harbor? What *thoughts* were *congealed into the lines* on the face of the blacksmith? Note how in the rest of the section the author emphasizes the peace and confidence of the group, and their prospects of future happiness. What is gained by the descriptions of the moon and the stars?

Section IV. Read the entire section. Then read the remainder of the *Historical Introduction*. What was going on in Grand-Pré? How does the author keep up the idea of contentment? The betrothal among these French people was almost as binding as the marriage. What is meant by *every house was an inn?* Note the contrast between the passage beginning, *Under the open sky,* and that beginning, *So passed the morning away.* What is gained by this contrast? Of what nationality were the guard from the ships? Who was their commander? Remember, in reading this passage, that the people are French; that their language is French; and that the church is Roman Catholic.

PRINCE EDWARDS ISLAND
NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT
CAPE BRETON ISLAND
Aspey
Louisburg
St. John R.
Amherst (Beau Sejour)
Chignecto Chan.
Cornwallis
C. Blomidon
Gulf of Minas
Minas
Grand Pre
Canard R.
Gaspereau R.
Port Royal (Annapolis)
BAY OF FUNDY
NOVA SCOTIA
Halifax
Sherbrooke
Liverpool
Cape Sable
NOVA SCOTIA
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
9°
11°
13°
15°
17°
46°
44°

Adayes
Natchitoches
16°
14°
12°
31°
29°
Sabine R.
Red River
Washita R.
Pearl R.
LOUISIANA
Opelousas
Opelousas R.
Mississippi
Baton Rouge
Plaquemine
L. Maurepas
Lake Pontchartrain
S. Martins
S. Maurs
Atchafalaya R.
Teche R.
ACADIAN COAST
River
L. Borgne
New Orleans
GERMAN COAST
Breton Sound
MARSH
Atchafalaya Bay
LOUISIANA
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70

Who is *his Majesty?* Were the orders really from the king? (See page 25.) What did the hearts of the peasants reply when the commander asked them how they had repaid the king's *kindness?* Were the *other lands* to be under the rule of the English? Why does the commander mention the king so often? Was it true that the Acadians had never sworn allegiance to England? What sort of man was Father Felician? Was he right in counseling peace? Did the Acadians really forgive their enemies? Notice how, in this section, the author keeps Evangeline always before you. How does he bring out her character at the end of the section?

Section V. Read the entire section. Notice how the author passes over the four days that the men spent in the church. What boats were the men taken to? Why did they sing as they marched to the shore? How does Evangeline conduct herself? Was it true that *nothing in truth* could harm her and Gabriel? How does Benedict feel about the action of the English? What was likely to be the effect of the difference in language of the captives and the soldiers? How does the author make you feel the confusion and the sadness of the night? What is suggested by Benedict's *vacant stare?* Is this effect on him in keeping with his character? Why did the English burn the houses of the Acadians? Was such action necessary? Was it excusable? How would it make the people feel? What was the cause of Benedict's death? What is suggested by the priest's words, *a happier season?* Did this *happier season* ever come?

PART THE SECOND

Section I. Read the entire section for the story. Then read it again, more carefully. How does the author show the lapse of time? Was it the intention of the English to scatter the Acadians? How do you think the exiles lived? Why did the English not make up the losses of the Acadians and give them a place to live? Note the line in this section in which Evangeline is introduced. Could the

separation of Evangeline and Gabriel take place and continue nowadays? What means have we of uniting people who have been separated by accident? Do you think that Gabriel made any attempt to search out Evangeline? Do you think it good advice that was given in the passage beginning, *Dear child?* How has Evangeline's character been developing during the years of exile? What does the priest mean when he says, *Affection never was wasted?* Is it true? What is meant by the words, *bleeding and barefoot?* Explain the passage beginning, *Let me essay* and ending with *reaches an outlet.*

Section II. Read the entire section. Consult the map of Louisiana on page 101 while you are reading. Many Acadians settled in Louisiana, drawn thither by their feeling of kinship with the French who had long lived there. The descendants of the Acadians still live in Louisiana, where the common people call them "Cajuns." Note the contrast between methods of travel in Evangeline's time and in ours. Did the Acadians make a bad exchange when they came from Nova Scotia to Louisiana? How does the author make you feel the warmth and beauty of this tropical region? The mystery of the swamps and bayous? Note how the author keeps Evangeline always before you. What are her thoughts regarding Gabriel? Why does the oarsman blow his horn? What is meant by the *desert* (line 803)? Read carefully the description of the lakes of Atchafalaya. How does the author make you feel their beauty? In what direction is the *light, swift boat* going? Do you get a clear idea of Gabriel's appearance and his feelings? Compare your knowledge of him with your knowledge of Evangeline: Why this difference? Why was Gabriel *seeking oblivion of self and of sorrow?* Do you think it possible for Evangeline to feel the nearness of Gabriel? What does the priest mean when he says, *Trust to thy heart?* Is it a good method to bring in so much description here?

Section III. Read the entire section. Then read it again, more carefully. Who is the herdsman mentioned in line 891? Can you discover anything about him from the

description of his house? Note the description of the man in lines 913–21. Why do the cattle rush over the prairies? How has Basil prospered in exile? How do you suppose he gained his success? Why does Evangeline not ask about Gabriel? Why has Gabriel's spirit been *tried and troubled* (line 946)? What is Gabriel's errand away from home? What is meant by *the Fates and the streams are against him?* What is meant by *his prison?* Where did we last see Michael the Fiddler? What is his present way of living? Was it true that numberless herds were *his who would take them?* What light does this throw on Basil's prosperity? How is the character of Basil brought out? Notice what he says about the contrast between Nova Scotia and Louisiana. Does he regret leaving Grand-Pré? Note his words, "*No King George.*" Who ruled over Louisiana? You will see later why the fever is mentioned here. Note the contrast between Evangeline's feelings and the feelings of others. Why does she go into the garden? What are her thoughts and feelings (lines 1045–58)? Why does the priest remain at the settlement? What is meant by *the blast of fate?* What is meant by *the day that succeeded?* Is there any good reason why they do not overtake Gabriel?

Section IV. Read the entire section. How does the author make you feel the bigness of the West? What does he show of the vastness and the dangers of the prairie? Why is Gabriel in the Ozark Mountains? Who is with Evangeline? What is gained by the story of the Indian woman? Why does the Indian woman speak of the bridegroom of snow and the phantom lover? What does she mean to suggest? How does she make Evangeline feel (lines 1159–63)? Why does Evangeline go to the Mission? What is meant by *his children?* What was his *native tongue?* Why does Evangeline stay at the Mission? How does the author indicate the passing of time, in this section? What *maidens* are meant in line 1212? What is *this humble plant* (line 1225)? How long would it take Evangeline to get to the Saginaw River? How did she go? Note that lines

1239–51 cover a long period of time. What *army* is mentioned in line 1242?

Section V. Read the entire section. This scene is laid in Philadelphia. What was Evangeline's reason for making her home in that city (lines 1258, 1259)? Why was her search ended (lines 1267, 1268)? What is meant by the lines that say she *saw the world far below her?* What is her character as we see it in this last section? How does she feel about Gabriel? What is her work? Note the year of the pestilence. (See *Notes.*) How long has it been since Evangeline saw Gabriel? Who is *the oppressor* (line 1305)? Why were the streets deserted and silent? What was the *something* that spoke to her? *An old man:* How old would Gabriel be? How is it that Evangeline can recognize him (lines 1351–53)? Re-read slowly and quietly the passage beginning, *Suddenly* (line 1343), through to line 1380. What becomes of Evangeline at the last? Go back and read the *Prelude;* then read the Conclusion. Do you see a good reason for each? Do you think the story well ended?

General suggestions. Sit down quietly and run through the poem from beginning to end, reading a good deal of it, and bearing in mind the story as a whole. Do you see why it has always been so well liked and so much admired? Try to find the right words with which to describe the poem to some one who has not read it. Find the right words to express your idea of Evangeline's character; Father Felician's; Basil's. Pick out seven or eight of the passages you like best, and prepare yourself to read any one of them before the class. Pick out some of the best lines and learn them. Pick out here and there expressions which seem especially beautiful and full of meaning; learn them. Observe that one of the most striking features of the poem is its wealth of imagery; commit to memory the lines containing similes, metaphors, and other figures of speech which impress you as most happily conceived. Other outstanding features are: (1) the accounts of the manners and customs of the Acadian peasants; (2) the descriptions of persons and places, and (3) the many contrasting epi-

sodes and scenes. In the following brief outline of the poem, insert references to your favorite passages relating to these subjects, and to any others which have impressed you as distinguishing the poem.

Remembering that the action of the narrative takes place between September, 1755 (Part the Second opening in May, 1765), and 1793, the year of the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia, recall the important events in United States history occurring within this period. In this connection, read sections 125–211 in Thwaite's and Kendall's *History of the United States;* note also the "Recommended Readings" in history, biography, fiction, and poetry listed on page 214 of that book.

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE POEM

PART THE FIRST

I.

(*a*) The Little Village of Grand-Pré (lines 20–57).
(*b*) The farmer and his daughter (lines 58–81).
(*c*) Evangeline's home (lines 82–102).
(*d*) Evangeline's suitors (lines 103–47).

II.

(*a*) An autumn evening (lines 148–217).
(*b*) Benedict and Basil (lines 218–67).

III.

(*a*) The notary (lines 268–329).
(*b*) The marriage contract (lines 330–52).
(*c*) The curfew (lines 353–81).

IV.

(*a*) The betrothal feast (lines 382–419).
(*b*) The gathering at the church (lines 420–59).
(*c*) Father Felician (lines 460–81).
(*d*) The evening service (lines 482–86).
(*e*) The ill tidings spread (lines 487–523).

V.

(*a*) The mournful procession (lines 524–67).
(*b*) The tumult and stir of embarking (lines 568–84).
(*c*) Night on the shore (lines 585–612).
(*d*) The burning of the village (lines 613–35).
(*e*) Benedict's death (lines 636–65).

PART THE SECOND

I.

(*a*) Evangeline begins her search for Gabriel (lines 666–740).

II.

(*a*) Her journey down the Ohio River (lines 741–826).
(*b*) Gabriel's boat passes unseen (lines 827–62).
(*c*) Evangeline is inspired with new hope (lines 863–87).

III.

(*a*) Evangeline and Father Felician find Basil (lines 888–934).

(*b*) Gabriel's errand (lines 935–58).

(*c*) A reunion of old friends (lines 959–1058).

(*d*) Basil and Evangeline follow Gabriel (lines 1059–77).

IV.

(*a*) Gabriel's wanderings (lines 1078–1115).

(*b*) The Indian woman's tale (1116–64).

(*c*) The Jesuit Mission (lines 1165–1235).

(*d*) Evangeline resumes her search alone (lines 1236–51).

V.

(*a*) The Sister of Mercy (lines 1252–97).

(*b*) The pestilence (lines 1298–1319).

(*c*) The finding of Gabriel (1320–80).

COMPOSITION ASSIGNMENTS

1. Imagine that you are making a visit to Longfellow's home in Cambridge. Starting from Harvard Square, you walk along Brattle Street for about half a mile, the same way that Longfellow must have taken many a day on his way home from the college. The street is wide, and lined with magnificent trees — elms, horse-chestnuts, and pines. You pass the place where the village blacksmith used to have his shop, and beyond it Tory Row, where the ancient houses of the English Royalists are still standing in the midst of velvety lawns and rhododendron hedges. Then you come to the Longfellow house. The poet's daughter, Alice Longfellow, still lives here, but the poet's study is open to visitors at certain times of the day, and it is kept just as it was when he used it. Directly opposite the house is the Longfellow Memorial Park, and midway between the house and Charles River Drive is the Longfellow Memorial. There is a bust of the poet with a bas-relief of the chief characters of his poems — Priscilla, Miles Standish, Evangeline, Hiawatha, and others. With these facts to guide you, write an account of your visit — of the many changes that must have come to Cambridge and Harvard since Longfellow's time,— of your feelings as you pass over the same ground that Longfellow traversed, and see many of the things which he saw — and of the recollections of his poems stirred by your visit to his study.

2. Write an account of an imaginary Sunday afternoon in Longfellow's home when the poet was alive. Bring two or three of his friends to his study, and write their conversation. Perhaps one of them might ask the poet how he came to write *Evangeline*. Imagine Longfellow telling the story.

3. Imagine that you are the little girl who wanted to see Longfellow, and write the conversation first with Luigi

Monti and then with Longfellow himself. Think how astonished and bashful and delighted she must have been when the poet himself came out to see her, and try to show all those feelings in what she says.

4. Imagine yourself a member of one of Longfellow's classes in English. Imagine how these classes seemed to the students who sat at the mahogany table in the Corporation Room and listened to the poet-professor who always treated his students like gentlemen. Describe the recitation and your own feelings toward Longfellow.

5. Write a character sketch of Father Felician as he was in the peaceful days before the exile. Picture him going about his daily duties among his people, and show how they regard him.

6. Write a description of Evangeline's kitchen in Grand-Pré, and show her at work in it churning, or getting dinner, or baking cookies. Try to show by what she does that she is a good housekeeper. Try to show her sweet, kindly nature. If one of the neighborhood children came in, do you think she would make him welcome?

7. Imagine a conversation between Colonel Winslow and his most trusted lieutenant aboard one of the English ships the day before the announcement is made that the Acadians must come to the church to hear the proclamation. Let the two men discuss the expulsion of the Acadians. Make their characters different — one stern, feeling that it is his duty to his country to scatter the Acadian colony, the other tender-hearted and quick to feel the sorrow of the exiles. Try to make the conversation as true to historic facts as possible.

8. Write the conversation between Basil and Gabriel in Louisiana when the young man grows so restless and unhappy that Basil sends him to trade for mules at Adayes.

9. Write an imaginary adventure of Gabriel's with the Indians in the Western forests and prairies. Make it exciting and true to life. You might let Gabriel tell the story himself to the Black Robe chief at the Mission; but if you

do, remember that the man who is really brave is usually modest about it.

10. Imagine that you are Gabriel, and that as you are traveling alone through the wilderness, you meet another trapper cooking his supper over a camp-fire at the fork of some river. He wants to go to the country you have just left, and asks you what route he should take. You tell him how to go, and draw him a rough sketch-map of your travels. Use your geography in planning this composition, and put in all the places where Gabriel went, as far as the poem tells them. Add suggestions of your own. Write the conversation, and draw the map as you think Gabriel might have drawn it.

11. Describe Evangeline at her work among the poor in Philadelphia before she found Gabriel. She was doing much the same kind of work that the visiting nurses are doing in the cities to-day. Follow her all of one morning, and tell what you see.

NOTES

LINE

1 **the forest primeval:** A forest in its natural state, untouched by the axe.

3 **Druids:** The priests of the early inhabitants of England. These tribes considered the oak tree particularly sacred.

3 **eld:** Olden times.

20 **Acadian:** The name *Acadie* or *Acadia* was of Indian origin. Acadia was colonized by France in 1604, and ceded to Great Britain in 1713. The French settlers were carried away in 1755.

21 **Grand-Pre:** The name is French. It means *Great Meadow*.

24 **dikes:** Embankments to keep out the ocean.

29 **Blomidon:** A rough, towering headland of rock at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

34 **Normandy:** A province in northeastern France.

34 **the Henries:** French kings — Henry III and Henry IV — who reigned from 1574 to 1610.

35 **dormer-windows:** Windows with gables, rising from a sloping roof.

39 **kirtles:** Skirts and jackets.

49 **Angelus:** The ringing of a bell at morning, noon, and night, in remembrance of the visit of the angel to the Virgin Mary.

62 **stalworth:** Stalwart, or strong. The word meant, originally, *good at stealing*.

72 **hyssop:** A plant mentioned in the Old Testament as being used for the sprinkling of the blood of a sacrifice (Exod. XII, 22), or holy water.

74 **missal:** The Roman Catholic mass-book.

87 **penthouse:** A small projecting roof, usually over a door.

93 **wains:** Heavy wagons.

93 **antique:** The accent is here on the first syllable.

94 **seraglio:** The apartment where the wives of a sultan are kept.

96 **Peter:** See Mark XIV, 29, 30, and 66–72, for the story of Peter's denial of his friendship with Jesus.

LINE

102 **mutation:** Change. Is the word a good one here?

111 **Patron Saint:** A saint regarded as the special protector of some person or place.

122 **plain-song:** Simple, old-fashioned monotonous music, formerly used in churches.

139 **that stone:** In an old French fable we are told that if one of a swallow's brood is blind, the mother seeks on the sea-shore a pebble with which she restores the sight of the young bird. The stone was supposed to bring great luck to the person who found it.

144 **Saint Eulalie:** An old French proverb says that if the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's Day (February 12), there will be plenty of apples.

149 **Scorpion:** The eighth sign of the zodiac, which the sun enters late in October.

153 **Jacob:** For the story of Jacob and the angel see Gen. xxxii, 24–29.

159 **Summer of All-Saints:** Our Indian Summer. All-Saints' Day is November 1.

170 **plane-tree:** There is a story that Xerxes, the Persian king, once found a plane-tree so beautiful that he dressed it in fine robes and valuable jewels.

172 **its burden and heat:** A quotation from the Bible, — Matt. xx, 12.

188 **fetlocks:** Tufts of hair above a horse's hoofs.

209 **Norman orchards:** Orchards of Normandy, in France.

209 **Burgundian:** Burgundy was a province in eastern France, noted for its grapes and wine.

237 **English ships:** The ships that had brought the troops under the command of Colonel Winslow.

238 **Gaspereau:** A river flowing into the Basin of Minas. See map on page 100.

240 **his Majesty's mandate:** The command of King George II of England. He ruled from 1727 to 1760. Had he really issued an order for the removal of the Acadians?

249 **Louisburg:** A fort on Cape Breton Island (see map) built by the French, but taken by the English in 1745.

249 **Beau Séjour:** A French fort north of the Basin of Minas, captured by the English in 1755.

249 **Port Royal:** See map; captured by the English in 1710.

261 **glebe:** Turf.

LINE

263 **René Leblanc:** A real person. In a petition to the king, made many years later, it is stated of Leblanc that he was put ashore in New York with his wife and only two of his twenty children.

267 **notary:** An officer who makes out contracts and takes the oaths of parties entering into an agreement.

275 **the war:** Perhaps King George's War between the French and English, 1744–48; or possibly the much earlier war of Queen Anne, 1702–13.

280 **Loup-garou:** A were-wolf, or man who (either through his own will or through enchantment) is supposed to become a wolf and devour children.

284 **the oxen:** It is an old belief that at midnight on Christmas Eve, the oxen fall on their knees and worship the child Jesus.

306 **an ancient city:** Florence, in Italy.

335 **dower:** The money or property that a woman receives from her people when she marries.

337 **the great seal:** The official seal or impression made on wax or on a round gilded wafer pasted upon a document.

344 **draught-board:** Checker-board.

354 **curfew:** The word means *cover-fire*. The bell that warns people to put out their lights and go to bed.

381 **Ishmael:** Ishmael and his mother, Hagar, were driven out of the tents of Abraham, and wandered in the desert. Gen. xxi, 9–21.

413 **Tous les Bourgeois:** *The Burgers of Chartres*, and *The Chimes of Dunkirk*, — old French songs.

430 **their commander:** Colonel Winslow.

456 **never . . . sworn . . . allegiance:** See page 24.

466 **tocsin's alarum:** The tocsin was an alarm-bell or loud drum-beat to rouse a town or an army. *Alarum* is our word *alarm*.

472 **Prince of Peace:** Christ.

484 **Ave Maria:** Hail Mary: a prayer to the Virgin Mary.

486 **Elijah:** The prophet Elijah was caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire. 2 Kings ii, 11–12.

498 **ambrosial:** Very sweet and delicious. Ambrosia, in the Greek myths, was the food of the gods.

507 **the Prophet:** When Moses came down from Mount Sinai after talking with God, his face shone so brightly that the children of Israel were afraid of him. He had to cover his

LINE

face while he spoke to them. Exod. xxiv, 12–18; xxxiv, 28–35.

575 **refluent:** Flowing back; ebbing.

579 **leaguer:** The camp of an army besieging a city.

597 **Paul:** The Apostle Paul was shipwrecked on the island of Melita. Acts xxviii, 1, 2.

605 **Benedicite:** Bless you. A Latin greeting used by priests.

615 **Titan-like:** In Greek mythology the Titans were giants, the sons and daughters of Heaven and Earth. Briareus, the hundred-handed monster, was son of the same parents.

621 **gleeds:** Burning coals.

657 **bell or book:** Tolling bell; the service-book of the church.

672 **Newfoundland:** The accent here is on the second syllable. The usual pronunciation is *New' fund land.*

674 **savannas:** Low level prairies.

677 **mammoth:** The huge hairy elephant of prehistoric times.

705 **coureurs-des-bois:** In French, this means *runners-of-the-woods.* Hunters and trappers in North America.

707 **voyageur:** A boatman; usually one who carried supplies from one trading-post to another.

713 **Saint Catherine's tresses:** Saint Catherine of Siéna, in Italy (1347–80) vowed never to marry. Hence to *braid Saint Catherine's tresses* is to lead a single life.

732 **shards:** Sharp pieces of broken pottery.

733 **O Muse:** The author here follows the example of Greek and Latin authors, who called on the Spirit of Poetry to help them.

741 **Beautiful River:** The Ohio.

750 **Opelousas:** In Louisiana. A great many Acadians settled on both sides of the southern Mississippi. This region is still called the Acadian Coast.

755 **chutes:** Narrow channels with rushing currents.

766 **Plaquemine:** A large bayou not far south of Baton Rouge.

769 **tenebrous:** Dark.

782 **shrinking mimosa:** The sensitive plant; its leaves close at a touch or jar.

807 **Atchafalaya:** A river in Louisiana.

816 **Wachita:** The name of a river in Arkansas and Louisiana.

819 **cope:** The head or top.

821 **ladder of Jacob:** Jacob saw the angels ascending to heaven on a ladder in the clouds. Gen. xxviii, 10–12.

LINE

842 **tholes:** Pins that support the oars of a rowboat.

856 **Têche:** Bayou Têche.

858 **pastor:** In Latin the word means *shepherd.*

878 **Bacchantes:** In Greek myths, those who worshiped Bacchus (the god of wine) with wild songs and dances.

890 **Yule-tide:** Christmas. The Druids considered the mistletoe sacred.

914 **sombrero:** The Spanish word for *hat;* usually a wide-brimmed hat.

952 **Adayes:** A town in northwestern Louisiana, ten miles from Natchitoches.

953 **Ozarks:** Mountains in Arkansas and Missouri.

961 **Olympus:** The mountain in Greece on which the gods were supposed to live.

970 **ci-devant:** A French word meaning *former.*

971 **patriarchal:** Like a dignified old man who rules over a large family.

984 **Natchitoches:** A parish in Louisiana. The word is pronounced *năk' ĕ tosh,* but the meter suggests that Longfellow pronounced it as it is spelled — *năch' ĭ tŏ' chĕs.*

1009 **Creoles:** Descendants of the French and Spanish settlers of Louisiana.

1033 **Carthusian:** A monk of the severe order founded by Saint Bruno in 1086. The chief monastery of the order is in the Swiss Valley of the Chartreuse — hence the name. The Carthusians keep almost complete silence.

1044 **Upharsin:** The last word of the message that King Belshazzar saw written on the wall. Dan. v, 25–28.

1057 **oracular:** As if coming from an oracle, or person through whom the gods were supposed to speak.

1060 **with their tears:** The reference is to the Magdalen's bathing the feet of Jesus. Luke vii, 36–38.

1063 **Prodigal Son:** Luke xv, 11–24.

1064 **Foolish Virgin:** Matthew xxv, 1–12.

1082 **Oregon:** The old name for the Columbia River.

1082 **Walleway:** In northwestern Oregon.

1082 **Owyhee:** A river in Idaho, flowing into the Snake River in Oregon.

1083 **Wind-River Mountains:** In Wyoming.

1084 **Sweet-water:** A mountain range of the Rockies, in Wyoming.

LINE

1085 **Fontaine-qui-bout:** A creek emptying into the Arkansas at Pueblo, Colorado. The name means, in French, *boiling spring.*

1085 **sierras:** Mountain chains; from the Spanish word *sierra, a saw.*

1091 **amorphas:** Wild bean plants, covered with purple flowers.

1095 **Ishmael's children:** This probably refers to the passage in the Bible (Gen. xvi, 12): "He [Ishmael] will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Longfellow is speaking of the Indians.

1102 **anchorite:** A hermit.

1114 **Fata Morgana:** An Italian word for the mirage; lakes and rivers appear in the sky, and then disappear again.

1119 **Shawnee:** A tribe of Algonquin Indians.

1120 **Camanches:** The Comanche Indians, in Wyoming.

1167 **Black Robe chief:** A Catholic missionary.

1175 **Jesuit:** A member of the Roman Catholic Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius Loyola, in 1534.

1181 **vespers:** Evening service.

1182 **susurrus:** Pronounced *su sur'us.* Murmuring.

1219 **compass-flower:** The compass plant, found on the prairies. The lower leaves turn their edges to north and south.

1226 **asphodel:** In Greek story, the white flowers of the dead.

1226 **nepenthe:** A drink that dulls sorrow.

1233 **Saginaw River:** In Michigan.

1241 **Tents of Grace:** A name for the dwellings of the Moravians, a Christian sect founded by the disciples of John Huss, in Germany, 1722. The Moravians were quiet pious people.

1253 **sylvan shades:** Pennsylvania (Penn's Woods).

1256 **names of the trees:** Many of the streets of Philadelphia are named for trees, as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, etc.

1257 **Dryads:** In Greek mythology, the spirits of the trees.

1298 **a pestilence:** In 1793 there was a terrible epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia.

1312 **the poor:** Words spoken by Jesus: John xii, 3–8.

1328 **the Swedes:** The Swedes, as early as 1698, began a church at Wicaco, now inside the city limits of Philadelphia.

1355 **like the Hebrew:** The Hebrews marked their door-posts with the blood of a lamb so that the Angel of Death might pass the house without stopping. Exod. xii, 3, 6, 7, 12, 13.

1391 **another race:** The English settlers.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

The diacritical marks given below are those found in Webster's New International Dictionary. Note that the pronunciation of French words can be given only approximately by means of signs and English equivalents.

EXPLANATION OF MARKS

A Dash (¯) above the vowel denotes the long sound.
A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound.
A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowels a or u denotes the sound of a in câre, or of u in tûrn; above the vowel o it denotes the sound of o in ôrb.
A Dot (·) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in pàst.
A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in ärt.
A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in truṇe.
A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in hẽr.

s̲ sounds like z.
ç sounds like s.
ġ sounds like j.
ă, ĕ, ŏ are similar in sound to ā, ē, ō, but are not pronounced so long.

Abbé Guillaume Thomas Francis Raynal (ăb-bā′ gē-yōm′, etc.).
Acadie (ä-kä-dē′).
Accadia (ăc-cā′dĭ-ȧ).
Adayes (ä-dā′yez).
Aelian (ē′lĭ-ăn).
Aix-la-Chapelle (āks-lä-shä-pĕl′).
Amorphas (ȧ-môr′fȧz).
Angelus Domini (ăn′jĕ-lŭs dŏm′ĭ-nī).
Arcadia (ăr-cā′dĭ-ȧ).
asphodel (ăs′fō-dĕl).
Atchafalaya (ăch-ȧ-fȧ-lī′ȧ).
Attakapas (ăt-tŭk′ȧ-paw).
Ave Maria (ä′vē mä-rē′ȧ).

Bacchantes (bȧk-kăn′tēz).
Bacchus (băk′ŭs).
Basil (bȧz′il).
bayou (bī′ōō).
Beau Sejour (bō sā-zhōōr′).
belles lettres (bĕl lĕtr′).
Benedicite (bĕn-ē-dĭs′ĭ-tē).
Benedict Bellefontaine (bĕn′ē-dĭct bĕl-fŏn-tān′).
Blomidon (blŏm′ĭ-dŏn).
Bowdoin (bō′dn).
Briareus (brī′ȧ-rūs).
Bruges (brụzh).
Burgundian (bûr-gŭn′dĭ-ȧn).

Cadie (cä-diē′).
Camanches (cȧ-măn′chēz).
Canard (cȧn-ärd′).
Cape Breton (kāp brĕt′un).
Carthusian (kär-thū′zhan).
Celtic (çĕl′tĭc).
Charente Inferieur (shär-ănht′ ănh-fĕ-rē-ẽ′).
Charnisay (shär-nĭ-zā′).
Chartreuse (shar-trēhz′).
Chartreux (shär-trē′).
ci-devant (sē-dē-vänh′).
Contes Populaires (kôhnt pŏp-ụ-lâr′).
coplas (kō′plaz).
Cotelle (kō tĕl′).
coureurs-des-bois (kōō′rĕr-dā-bwä).
couvre-feu (kōō′vr-fē).
Craigie (crā′ghē).
Creole (crē′ōl).

Dante (dȧn′tē).
Divina Commedia (dĭ-ve′nȧ cŏm-me′dĭ-ȧ).
dryad (drī′ȧd).
Ducauroi (dụ-kō-rwȧ′).

Elijah (ē-lī′jȧ).
Eulalie (yew-lā′lē).
Evangeline (ē-văn′gĕ-lĭn).

Fata Morgana (fä′tȧ môr-gä′nȧ).
Father Felician (fē-lĭsh′yȧn).
Fontaine-qui-bout (fōnh′tān kē-bōō).

Gabriel Lajeunesse (lä-zhē-nĕs).
Gaspereau (gäs-pē-rō′).

Gayarre (gī-ä-rä′).
Gnadenhutten (gnä-dĕn-hu̧t′ĕn).
Grand-Pré (gränh-prā′).

Hagar (hā′gr).
Haliburtou (hăl′ĭ-bûr-tn).
Herodotus (hĕr-ŏd′ō-tŭs).
Hiawatha (hī-a-wō′thä).
Horace (hor′es).
Horae Hellenicae (hō′rē hĕl-lĕn′ĭ-sē).
Hyperion (hī-pē′rĭ-on).

Isaac de Razilli (dē rä-zē-yē′).
Ishmael (ĭsh′mā-el).

Jesuit (jĕz-yū-ĭt′).

Kavanagh (kăv′á-ná).

La Cle du Caveau (lä klā du̧ kä-vō′).
La Gazza Ladra (lä gät′zä lä′drä).
La Have (lä hăve).
La Salle (lä säl).
Leblanc (luh blank).
Le Carillon de Dunquerque (luh kăr-ē-yônh′ dē du̧n-kĕrk′).
Letiche (lā-tēsh′).
Lilinau (lē′lĭ-nō).
Louisburg (lōō′ĭ-bûrg).
Loup-garou (lōō-gär-ōō′).
Loyola (lō-yō′lä).
Luigi Monti (lōō-ē′jē mŏn′tē).

maitre de chapelle (mā′tre dē shä-pĕl′).
Manrique (măn-rē′kā).
Melita (mĕ-lē′ta).
Minas Basin (mē′nás).
Moravian (mō-rā′vĭ-an).
Morituri salutamus (mor-i-tū′rē sä-lu-tā′mus).
Mowis (mō′wēs).

Natchitoches (năck′ē-tŏsh).
nepenthe (nē-pĕn′thē).
Normandy (nor′măn-dĭ).

Olympus (ō-lĭm′pŭs).
Opelousas (ŏp-ē-lōō′sás).
Outre-Mer (ōōtr-mâr′).

Owyhee (ō-wī′hē).
Ozark (ō′zärk).

Passamaquoddy (păs-á-má-kwŏd′ē).
Pierre Capelle (pē-âr′ kă-pĕl′).
Pisiquid (pĭs′ĭ-kwĭd).
Plaquemine (plăk-mēn′).
Pluquet (plu̧-kā′).
Pointe Coupee (pwănht kōō-pā′).
Poitou (pwä-tōō′).

Rene (rē-nā′).
Rochelle (rŏ-shĕll′).
Rossini (rŏs-sē′nē).

Saginaw (săg′ĭ-naw).
Saint Maur (sănh mōr′).
Saintonge (sănh-tônhzh′).
Samson Agonistes (săm′sŏn ă-gŏn-ĭs′-tēz).
seraglio (sẽ-räl′yō).
Shawnee (shô-nē′).
Siena (sē-ā′ná).
Sierras (sē-ĕr′răz).
signor (sē′nyōr).
Sinai (sī′nī or sī′nā-ī).
sombrero (sŏm-brā′rō).
Straits of Messina (mĕs-sē′ná).

Têche (tāsh).
tenebrous (tĕn′ē-brŭs).
Titan (tī′tn).
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres (tōō lā bōōr-zhwä dẽ shär′tr).

Ultima Thule (ŭl′tē-mä thū′lē).
Upharsin (ū-fär′sĭn).
Utrecht (ū′trĕkt).

Vendee (vänh-dā).
voyageur (vwä-yä-zhĕr′).

Wachita (wŏsh′ê-taw).
Walleway (wŏll′ê-wā).
were wolf (wēr′ wolf).
Wicaco (wē-kä′kō).
Worcester (wōō′ster).

Xerxes (zĕrk′sēz).

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